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THE DYING BED.

BY MARY E. LADD.

It was a time of rain;
The window pane
Was dripping with its wet;
And in the sky—
Clouds covered dark as jet.

And at my window few
Within its trembling form;
A bird without a nest—
It fluttered there.
It fluttered from the storm.

In hovering it revealed
A wounded concealed
Beneath its wing—
And yet with earnest noise
Swelled its small throat.
And wept.

This bird was its last song;
Enough pure and strong.
Was it pain to tide?
Was it grief to fly?—
Gone like the lone bird died.

Some, like this dying bird,
Would have been glad
To waste free death;
Although there might be found
A life still left, by flapping their life away.

ERCELDEAN,

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM SLOW TO SWIFT," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

It was a peasant occupation to put all the pretty costly things away in the drawers and wardrobes—just as the rich and elegant were altogether delighted—the choice of horses, carriages, jewels, servants; and the one great fact that they were rich, and could have just what they wished, was a happy realization to Lady Lenox, and her daughter. But she was but a peasant, and wilder cisterns than girls would have been, but bewildered. It was all new to her, this luxury and magnificence—new to her who had lived after the harsh fashion of a mountain-maid, who had known but the simplest of comforts. She never had a maid who had drunk water as a daily beverage, and even in the depths of the coldest winter had never known the luxury of a fire in her bed-room. There could not have been a greater change; and Peter Lenox watched her with anxiety to see how she bore it. She was calm, dignified, and serene; there was no undue elation, no excited manner, no anxiety. Peter Lenox said to himself that she was indeed "to the manner born."

In this manner "Prince Charlie's" daughter began her new career; though she had been born to it, and was destined to it; the world lay at her feet, as did at the feet of those who have youth, beauty, and above all, wealth.

It was long since any one so fresh, beautiful, and original as Beatrix Lenox had been born. Her manners were good, she had a singular charm about her—she differed so much from other girls of her own age and station. The simple truth was that she had breathed in, as it were, with the mountain air diffused from the trained atmosphere of the court. She had seen the light of the one great power of her life—her mother and the Duchess of Ermelie conversing one day about Lord Montrose, one of the greatest of roses. The Duchess was telling the last anecdote about him—he had given his daughter a falcon—him, to run away with him; and then fought on French soil the brother who went to rescue her, and maimed him for life. Beatrix listened, her beautiful face flushed with indignation; her dark eyes bright with anger. She turned her head and turned her eyes with a look that turned the astonished Duchess.

"And this man—this Lord Montrose—is still received in society?" she interjected.

The Duchess shrugged her shoulders. "I can't understand the world entirely," she said; while Lady Lenox interposed.

"You must not discuss such matters, Beatrix."

"There's no harm in discussing them before me. I have seen such men as Lord Montrose!"

"They are unfortunately to me very poor," said her Grace of Ermelie. "I am sorry to say, they were given to me as a present."

"I never condescended to any house where I was more welcome," said her Grace of Ermelie.

"Hush, my dear!" said gentle Lady Lenox, while the Duchess laughed.

"Indeed I would, mamma," persisted Beatrix.

"My dear Duchess," said Lady Lenox, when the two ladies parted. "I must beg of you never to mention such matters before Beatrix. She has rigid sense of man's honor and woman's purity—it would be a serious matter to distract them if it ever came to Lord Montrose. You will not say to my something that were better left unsaid."

"I think," remarked the Duchess laughingly, "that your daughter will prove to be a very notable addition to society."

That night Lady Lenox dined at home. The Duke was present at a ball given at the French Embassy, and Lady Dalton brought him up to introduce him to the belle of the evening, the lovely Beatrix Lenox. Lady Dalton never forgot what followed. At first Beatrix had not quite liked the manner in which she did act, and knew who was stood before her, she drew her figure to its full height, her face flushed with indignation, her dark eyes seemed full of anger. She looked at the handsome, evil face with its off-white skin.

"I decline," she said, "to allow Lord Montrose to be introduced to me."

Her voice sounded as clear as a silver bell; and those near her stood still to listen.

"I am a Lenox," she continued, with a slightly raising of her hand. "We did not number traitors and cowards amongst our associates."

"My dear Miss Lenox," gasped Lady Dalton, almost beside herself with dismay

—all her well-bred life she had never uttered such words before. "How dare you say such a thing!"

This young lady seems to have received a very unfavorable description of me," said Lord Montrose; his handsome growing Ermelie, an ugly smile curving his lips.

Beatrix never designed to give him a glance, her proud eyes were turned from him. She spoke to Lady Dalton.

"I have an impression that this is the man who once shot and maimed for life a young girl whom he avenged upon a Lenox." And her smile proudly; and he told her of a Lenox who lived in the days of bonnie Scotland who might have saved his life by one false word, but who refused to utter it, dying with a shameful name upon his lips. "I have never lied," he said, "as they bid me do death."

Gentle Lady Lenox was almost alarmed at these strong expressions.

"Now, you know the truth now that I do," she said; "but Beatrix, you must always avoid being abrupt."

"You may just as well tell me, ma'am, so fire a pistol in a crowd," Beatrix laughed. "But not on any account will I tell you. The great way of the world at the present day seems to me to be want of truth."

Peter Lenox congratulated himself on having gained such an ally; he himself had fully understood the action of his wife in this matter. To Beatrix herself the fact of having such a mission almost stoned for her having had to leave Strathmore. That wild, free, untrammelled life had become a second nature to her; she had, after having fallen into one of the most dangerous of careers, the world of crime and savagery, she now fell into another through living as though the whole world were but one vast field for the Lenoxes. She did not care much about the wonder of her beauty—she cared little enough for the present, and the hereafter that were given to her; she would have infinitely preferred her wild, free life at Strathmore to the gilded saloons of the great world. Its atmosphere stifled her, she came from crowded ball rooms, from the Opera, from concert rooms, from the grand saloons of the nobility, and even the depths of the coldest winter had never known the luxury of a fire in her bed-room. There could not have been a greater change; and Peter Lenox watched her with anxiety to see how she bore it. She was calm, dignified, and serene; there was no undue elation, no excited manner, no anxiety. Peter Lenox said to himself that she was indeed "to the manner born."

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finished, he went to his club, and returned to meet the ladies at dinner. After dinner he went to fulfil their different engagements, and he spent the evening as he pleased him.

"How like you Erceldean, uncle!" said Miss Lenox. "She could not say no."

"I am a Lenox," she said; "and then her eyes took in every detail of Beatrix's exquisite toilet. A warm smile of approval lighted her face.

"You're right, Uncle," she replied. "I thought you Erceldean, uncle."

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"I do not like your world. Beatrix is peacock— it is false and hollow. I would rather be back at Loch Narn. You do not seem to know what sin is, and you gloss over everything with fine names—people do not even recognize their own sins."

"Ah, Beatrix, you are the best, the fairest, you are the most unaparable, when you are older you will laugh as we laugh, and accept what we accept."

"I never shall!" she cried in her youth full enthusiasm.

"It seems to me that, if you did not seem to know what sin is, and you gloss over everything with fine names—people do not even recognize their own sins."

"The Duke of Elmslie is the best, he is only too willing to tolerate the lady's presence amongst you. I do not like your world, Lady Lennox, you have only law for the rich, and one for the poor."

"No, no, Beatrix that is not true, we certainly have not forgotten the poor."

"It is a false hollow world, Lady Dalton," paraded Beatrix. "If the sin be well gilded, it is soon pardoned and then laughed at. I have heard ladies laugh over stories which I could not laugh over. There is no such thing as the demerits of the world never passing."

"What is that?" asked the Duchess, looking with admiration at the lovely face with its proud defiance.

"The sin of poverty," said Beatrix Lennox, "the sin of poverty is a great sin, but it cannot be gilded. Therefore it can never be amusing. I like the world where I lived—all mountains, lakes and heathers—those times times better than I like this."

And some vague way—though she was so young and they laughed at her enthusiasm—these worldly women shrank before her. Her natural instinct as to what was right and what was wrong was so keen that words could not blind her, could not mislead her.

I shall take care of one thing," said the Duchess later on to Lady Dalton, "and that is that Beatrix Lennox shall never meet the Countess Vassilieva in my room if I can help it. If she does, there will be a quarrel."

On that same day Miss Lennox read to her uncle a chapter of history—the battle of Culloden.

"Uncle," she asked suddenly, "do such men live in those days, or are they all dead?"

"They live still, Beatrix," was the brief reply.

"I feel satisfied at times," she told him, "to believe that the old martial spirit lives in the breasts of the men of Scotland."

Peter Lennox looked at her.

"It lives, child," he said, "but perhaps it is not shown quite so often. When it does the son of English glory will come to life."

And she wondered if the time would ever come that she should meet in real life with such men as she had read of in history and in fiction. If the future could have been revealed to her, Beatrix Lennox would have trembled at her self-instruction.

CHAPTER XIII

"A real princess," said Beatrix laughingly, "I ought to be balanced, perhaps to even such a weakness, but a real princess! I have always hungered to see one. Are you quite sure, uncle, that he is the same—just the same as other people?"

"My dear Beatrix," remonstrated Lady Lennox, "you do not say such things; they sound so strangely."

"What should I say?" asked Beatrix.

Beatrix looked up, a ripple of laughter on her lips.

"Do you know you would ask that question, uncle, though, when I asked it, the Duchess assumed her sullen expression of fare." My dear Beatrix, she said, "when you are ignorant of what concerns a person as unknown as the Prince de Ferre, you never seem to be able to tell, or say, what will betray yourself immediately. And when I told I should be pleased to understand the art of asking questions in an empty room, she sighed. Now, uncle, you have done the same thing; you have been most direct in ignorance as to me,"

gave the Prince de Ferre a kiss.

"And this is the opposite of what, Beatrix?" asked her uncle.

"My godmother, the Duchess of Elmslie, gives a grand dinner on Tuesday, to which she has invited the object of whose is to introduce the Prince de Ferre to the great world of London."

"And who?" asked Peter Lennox, "is the Prince de Ferre?"

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"The Prince," continued Beatrix, with a close imitation of the Duchess of Elmslie's grand manner, "is a most estimable young man, but one of the most an estimable which Italy has to offer, he has immense wealth, great talents, and is in every way a most desirable party."

Her imitation of the Duchess was so perfect that Peter Lennox laughed heartily.

Beatrix kissed her mother, she always did so when she came home.

"I am sorry that I were ever born as good as you. I have a natural inclination to many kinds of foolishness, and a fervent desire to mimic those superficial ladies who seldom say a natural word is one of them."

"There is no great harm in it, Alice," said Peter Lennox, "but you are a niece's apt rendering of character. It is all my fault however; I have encouraged her in it."

It was a strange thing, but Peter Lennox could not endure even the shadow of blame to cast on his beloved wife. In his eyes she was all that she could be perfectly perfect. Lady Lennox knew that and as a rule, if she had anything to say to Beatrix, it was said when her uncle was not present. She smiled to herself now and again like a true friend, and across his shoulder, her hand on his shoulder, a diamond ring that he had ordered for her. Then he touched the white glove with his lips, and said—

"The Prince de Ferre will be here. He would not do for us, Beatrix, will he? He would not do for us."

the glory of Erceldoun at heart as we have."

She raised her head proudly—the Duchess of Elmslie always said that Beatrix was one of the prettiest girls she had seen.

"Do for us, uncle! In what way?" The clear, bright eyes seemed to command him to speak.

"I mean he will not do as a citizen, Beatrix—and that is what the Duchess is continually thinking of," she replied quickly, "we need not discuss the love affairs of gentlemen whom we have never seen."

But Peter Lennox could not sit at once forget the Prince. He walked moodily up and down the room. Lady Lennox went to him and Beatrix sat in silence. She waited for her mother was ill at ease, but waited for him to speak.

He stopped quite suddenly and looked at her.

"You see, Beatrix, if you married a foreigner, you would be forever a foreigner, and you have to leave England and go abroad with him. Do you understand that?"

A proud smile curled her lip.

"Yes, uncle, I understand it very well."

"The world outside has many hopes," he went on. "A foreign prince or king would himself very little about Erceldoun. Beatrix. My dear, be on your guard. Do not fall in love with a foreigner."

She raised her head so haughtily that in after days he remembered it.

"My dear uncle," she replied slowly, "I really do not think you need trouble about such matters, unless I see some very different from any one I have ever seen before."

He advanced towards the piano where she sat, with a slow uncertain step, observing her with a look of intense interest.

"I have heard of your husband," he said, "and I have tried to meet him."

"Mr. Rutherford, is it you? I am looking for my husband. What do you think can detain him?"

The gentleman stood still, his face full of silent, unexpressive pity. Something in her eyes, however, made him speak again.

"Mr. Rutherford, you bring me tidings! Speak don't keep me in suspense!"

"The gentleman was silent.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MERRIWEATHER.

By J. R. STICKLER.

SINCE I have been here for some weeks
The wakening world hath winter grown.
Towards mine eyes:
As it doth set the sun on him and pain,
From paper stars.

To all the shades of youth,
And spangled stars of trust and truth
From me! next to me!
But through thine eyes a soul I see,
And in thy smile my spirit speaks to me
A loyal spirit.

That charms me more than words can tell,
A cast on myself about a spell
With her I have seen many a toil,
With her I have seen many a toil,
With her I have seen many a toil,
With her I have seen many a toil.

The voice of music, to my spirit,
Enchanted me, to her, to her,
Enchanted my heart,
That lay between the tones and tones
And greatly did I tremble at the own.

No more to part.

I would notadden those sweet eyes
For any grand or golden prize
For it had naught to give to me
What I would give for love of these
And calm repose.

THE

Lovers of Ordmore.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)
“I don’t know what you mean,” said Nell after a time, “with the etiquette and the entertaining and all that.”

“It is a sort of ceremony which I hold to acquire, and would be much easier to take than the diamond ring,” said Dorothy. Dorothy is so graceful that her task would cost her no effort.”

“And the best of it is that Dell is the same old Dell who used to play hide and seek in the garden at home, and made of her a most amiable companion in the nursery. Neither of my sisters is spoilt by marrying a rich husband.”

“There’s the grann’,” said Graham, “what the other guests are? Dell they said there were two.”

To Dell, therefore, she turned, and the two found that the visitors about whom she had been speculating were Douglas and Noel, who had arrived earlier in the day. Dell was loud in her welcome, but Mrs. Graham was silent, though her trembling hands and wild blushing face made

After dinner the whole party strolled out into the parson immediately in front of the drawing room windows, called the Pheasant, and tea was brought here. There was a faint smile on each face, the picture of the fair Highland girl came back to her memory. She never forgot that little “wee” Graham, with his golden hair, his strong, over-weight frame, her whole face transformed with excitement such as rarely moved her, her soft eyes glowing with scorn, and a burning scarlet spot on each cheek, when and during the noisy, fat, and with eyes closed, she chattered on about her half-forgotten school days, and half-forget her darling, laughing at herself for being so foolish as to doubt her lover because a bold, unadvised woman had chosen to make eyes at him.

Graham was ready for dinner before her coming, and dressed himself in a plain white silk which fitted high up to the throat and down to the wrists, where it was adorned by ruffles of costly old lace which had been for long generations in the Falconer family. Her only ornaments were a necklace composed of single diamonds, and she found Noel alone in the drawing room.

“My darling!” he exclaimed as he came forward to meet her.

“Yes, Noel”—with the sweet fair face upon him—“but Nell told me, ‘If you wish to sit at home with us, we will not go.’”

“Nonsense! I would not for anything have you miss your day’s sport. Ah, don’t speak of it! I am ashamed of myself that I, a Falconer, should show as little respect for you as this poor child imagines. She is too honorable a rival for you!”

Noel started as if he had been stung—as indeed he was—by Graham’s caressed words, and then, with a look of intense terror, away with such force that the little creature cowered down and whined.

“Oh, Mr. Hammonsey,” said Graham reproachfully, “why did you do that? What had the poor little thing done? I did not think you could be cruel.”

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CHAPTER X.

On the next day after Nell Wyvill and Graham Falconer’s appearance at Linley Hall, the former was sent to the hospital fast, and by the evening of the eleventh of August the house was filled to overflowing. Noel was rather bewildered by the multitude of guests, but Graham was delighted to meet her old friends again. Still there were a few who were strangers alike to him and to her, among them a young lady who had met the Fairies both in London and Edinburgh, and who in the latter place had been very intimate with Janet Fairlie, till it was in that city that Sir George and his sister took up their abode after her marriage.

Hilda Valentine and her mother lived in the next house to the Fairies’ during the time they were in Edinburgh. Mr. Valentine had been one of the richest mill-owners in Lancashire; and since his death his widow had been a widow, and was desirous of getting into good society, so that she turned their backs upon their Lancashire home and friends.

Miss Valentine was undeniably handsome, though of an entirely different type from that of the Fairies. Looking at her, one needed to be told that she was of course blood—her high birth was written on every feature and expressed in every gesture and movement. Miss Valentine lacked that nameless grace which comes only through a long line of refined culture and education, and was extremely dark, with sparkling black eyes, a florid complexion, and a nose which was decidedly aquiline; the hands, though white, were large, and had not the delicate rose tinted fingers which Graham had always admired. Her few acquaintances, who had been educated in Parisian schools, had not had the indomitable grace of Graham’s. In truth, Miss Valentine never appeared to have advantage when she was placed in comparison with the heiresses of the Fairies; from sheer, most poor and homely she had been considered after one glance at Graham they would have added, “out course.”

“Graham,” said Noel, as the two girls were dressing for dinner on the day of Miss Valentine’s arrival, “I don’t like that girl—one is bad style. I wonder what made Dorothy ask her here.”

“She is a great friend of Janet’s, and would like to oblige her,” answered Graham.

“Did you see the hold way in which she pushed herself forward when Douglas and Noel came in? Douglas says she was always running after Noel in Edinburgh. Every few days she would call mother and write notes of this sort.”

“My dear Captain Hammonsey,—We shall be very much pleased if you will come to tea to-morrow. Do come if you possibly can.”

“Very truly yours,” etc.

“Captain Hammonsey,” repeated Noel, in dire wrath, “as Douglas says, just to butter Noel up.”

Graham burst out laughing—

“Oh, Noel! Neil is not worth while putting yourself into a fume about it! Ha, ha!”

“I don’t see anything to laugh at,” said Noel seriously.

“I wasn’t laughing at that, but at your delicious slang.”

“Slang! Noel! in an astonished tone. “I didn’t use any slang, did I?”

“Don’t you like it slang to talk about ‘butterfing’?”

“Did you say that? Well, that was what Douglas said. Graham, you don’t seem to mind a bit. Miss Valentine’s run after Noel?”

“I’ll explain,” Graham said, with a look of alarm on her face. “If Noel chose to leave me for that red-faced dairy-maid, I suppose she would be right, and I should say, very happy information, as to her great grandfather, he might go, and I would be ashamed to regret him. Why, if he had never seen me, who would have had no attraction for him? If ever it was brought up about that he married her, he would be shocked.”

Long afterwards, Noel remembered her words. When years had passed away, the picture of the fair Highland girl came back to her memory. She never forgot that little “wee” Graham, with his golden hair, his strong, over-weight frame, her whole face transformed with excitement such as rarely moved her, her soft eyes glowing with scorn, and a burning scarlet spot on each cheek, when and during the noisy, fat, and with eyes closed, she chattered on about her half-forgotten school days, and half-forget her darling, laughing at herself for being so foolish as to doubt her lover because a bold, unadvised woman had chosen to make eyes at him.

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“Oh, Mr. Hammonsey,” said Graham reproachfully, “why did you do that? What had the poor little thing done? I did not think you could be cruel.”

She lifted the poor animal to her neck and soothed it with a tenderness that almost drove Noel wild.

“I am a brute, Miss Falconer, and I beg the dog’s pardon.”

Graham laughed softly.

“You too, if you will allow me.”

“Miss—Why? You did not push me away.”

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Perhaps it was an unwise thing to have said, but an instant later Graham Falconer was clasped close in Noel Hammonsey’s arms, and the poor little terrier, who ran a fair chance of being crushed to death between them. Then it happened that the great Scotch heiress came to an understanding with a poor Lieutenant of Dragons with next to nothing a year besides his pay, which caused no end of skulking.

Indeed he was—by Graham’s caressed words, and then, with a look of intense terror, away with such force that the little creature cowered down and whined.

“Oh, Mr. Hammonsey,” said Graham reproachfully, “why did you do that? What had the poor little thing done? I did not think you could be cruel.”

She lifted the poor animal to her neck and soothed it with a tenderness that almost drove Noel wild.

“I am a brute, Miss Falconer, and I beg the dog’s pardon.”

Graham laughed softly.

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THE DYING BEAST.

BY HENRY R. LADD.

It was a day of rain.
The wind was blowing.
Clouds covered the sun.

And at my window flew
A bird I drew
With wings of burning form,
A bird without a nest—
I saw its breast.

It returned from the storm.
Its hovering it revealed
A nest beneath its wing;
And in its small throat,
And with the tide had died.

But this was His last song;
It was too strong.
One gust of mortality
And here he stood alone,
And then the tide had died.

Some like this dying bird,
Have oft been heard
To waste and groan,
And then the tide had died,
A cruel wound
Snapping their life away.

ERCELDEAN,

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XI.

It was a pleasant occupation to put all the pretty costly things away in the drawers and wardrobe—indeed it and other proceedings were altogether delightful, the choice of costly carriage, jewels, and the one great fact that they were rich, and could have just what they wished, was a happy addition to Lady Lennox and her daughter. Beatrix was slightly bewildered—not wild or crazy—but she was very much so. She had lived through her life in a world of bewilderment. It was all new to her; this luxury and magnificence—new to her who had lived after the hardy fashion of a mountain maid, who had known but the simplest life and enjoyed the simplest fare. She had drawn a long breath of relief, and the depths of the coldest winter had never known the luxury of a fire in her bed room. There could not have been a greater change; and Peter Lennox watched his niece anxiously to see how she bore it. She was pale, disfigured, and thin; those dark, sad, undutiful shadows clung to her eyes, yet she must work for her master, she said to herself—she must live for her race.

Her ideas of honor and truth gave rise to many cares, and the Duchess of Erceldean, and the Duchess of Elm, conversing one day about Lord Montrose, one of the greatest of roses. The Duchess was telling the last scandal about him—how he had persuaded a foolish fair-haired girl, the only daughter of a clergyman, and the man of a man who had been a traitor and a cowardly wretch, to leave Stratford, to the gilded salons of the great world. Its atmosphere stifled her; she came home from crowded ball rooms, told in half the club rooms of London, and the next day it was retailed every where.

Several loving old dowagers smiled together and said that, if Beatrix Lennox had been introduced to all except the good and the untaught, her circle of friends would be one of the smallest ever known. Lady Lennox was alarmed, her brother in law was delighted.

"The child is right," he said. "What reason had a man stained with such sins even to look at her."

Beatrix herself did not seem to think that she had done anything at all out of order. She was a little more honest in her thoughts, the malapropos of all her actions, the suggestion of all her words, was this one idea—the restoration of her honor.

It had become a sacred duty to her, a sacred trust, the third thing for which she lived.

"Of course," she said, "there is nothing, her identity as a flower was everything. People who knew the history of 'Prince Charlie's' daughter, and how her youth had been spent, wondered where the girl had acquired her royal grace and dignity, her perfect countenance. She seemed always like one whose thoughts were for distant, the noble soul that looked out of her dark eyes appeared to be far away from the little details and cares of everyday life. She was wherever she was, whatever she was doing, her thoughts were centered on that one object—the honor of her house. She accepted all the homage, flattery, and adulation that was offered her, not as a tribute to her own personal beauty, but as a tribute paid to a mother.

How eagerly she read all the stories and legends in which the name of Lennox was mentioned! The library at Erceldean held the annals of the family. She read them, thought over them, pondered them, until her heart was full, and she had longed that the old man should tell them. She gladdened her uncle's heart by talking to him incessantly of the glories of the Lennox family.

"I have discovered one thing, 'uncle,'" she said, "which makes me prouder than ever—some of us are evil, and some are not. They did not sell their principles or their honor, they never harbored any iota of faith for any worldly interest, so I

am proud of them—they are a race of heroes, uncle."

He delighted in listening to her. She was a thorough Lennox, he declared. Beatrix had a passion for truth; she could not have been born of a lie. She held truth far dearer than life; her simple notion of honor placed truth at the head of all the virtues. "Just like a Lennox!" said her uncle proudly; and he gazed with admiration upon her.

"I have been thinking of him," he said, "the man who once shot and maimed for life his brother, and he was left to die. He refused to save it, dying with a faint smile of defiance on his lips. 'I have never lied,' he said, as they led him to death, 'and I never will.'

"I am glad to know from such a man who would risk his heart beating fast with triumph, every pulse thrilling with exultation. 'I would rather be a Lennox than a princess.' I think I can believe that like a heroine of yours, one does not never open falsely after death, and never will."

Cheerful Lady Lennox was almost alarmed at those strong expressions.

"No one admires truth more than I," she said; "but Beatrix, you must always avert your eyes."

"You may just well tell me, mamma."

"To fire off a pistol in a crowd," Beatrix laughed, "but not on any account to kill any one."

The great want of the world at the present day seems to me to be want of truth."

"Miss Lennox has spoken well," he said, "but for you, approved her conduct, I wish every woman had followed her courage. Our wives and daughters would not be compelled to meet people whom every presence is an insult."

He waited for a reply. Lord Montrose said more. Eyes of repose, civil and courteous, he was full of respect for the girl who had the dare to rebuke him as no one else had. He was rich and handsome, and for that reason many sins had been forgiven him that would not have been pardoned in a poor or ugly man.

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"I do not like your world," Beatrice responded—it is false and hollow. I would rather be back at Locks Nare. You do not seem to know what I mean, and you do not seem to have been born—glance do not even recognize their own size."

"Ah, Beatrice," sighed the Duchess, "you are young and inexperienced, when you are older, you will laugh as we laugh, and accept us as we are."

I was silent, and sat in her youthful enthusiasm. "It seems to me that, if you did not accept things quite so easily, the world would be the better for it. You are only too willing to tolerate the Duke's presence now, and I do not like your way of thinking."

"My dear uncle," she replied quietly, "we need not discuss the love affairs of gentlemen when we have never seen them. I am sure that the Duke is a good man, but forget the French. He walked steadily up and down the room. Lady Lennox went away, and Beatrice sat in silence. She saw that her uncle was ill at ease, but waited for him to speak.

"It is a false hollow world, Lady Dalton," she persisted. "I see the world as it is, and am not fond of it; and then I laugh at it. I have heard ladies laugh over stories which I could not laugh over. There is but one sin which denounces the great world never pardon."

"What is that?" asked the Duchess, looking with admiration at the lady face with its proud defiance.

"The sin of poverty," said Beatrice Lennox. "There have no mercy, no pity for the poor; it cannot be gathered from it, can it? I like the world where I live. Where I live—all mountains, lakes, and heathers—sometimes times than I like this."

And in some vague way—though she was so young, and they laughed at her enthusiasm—these worldly women snatched before her. Her natural instinct told her what was right and what was wrong was no news that could not blind her, could not mislead her.

"I have a secret thing," said the Duchess later on to Lady Dalton, "and that is that Beatrice Lennox shall never meet the Countess Verelot in my room if I can help it. It also does there will be a secret."

On that same day Miss Lennox read to her uncle a chapter of history—the battle of Culloden.

"Uncle," she said suddenly, "do such men live in those days, or are they all dead?"

"They live still, Beatrice," was the brief reply.

"I feel disheartened at times," she told him, "to believe that the old martial spirit lives in the breasts of the men of those days."

Peter Lennox looked at her.

"It lives, child," he said, "but perhaps it is not shown quite so often. When it does the sun of English glory will come to show."

And she wondered if that the time would ever come that she should meet in real life with such men as she had read of in history and in fiction. If the future could have been revealed to her, Beatrice Lennox would have trembled at her own later recognition.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A real prince!" said Beatrice laughingly. "I ought to be ashamed, perhaps to own such a weakness, but a real prince! I have always longed to see one. Are you quite sure, uncle, that he is the same—just the same as other people?"

"My dear Uncle," she responded, "Lady Lennox does not say such things; they sound so strangely. Why should a prince differ from other men?"

"I do not know, mamma. I like the word, there is something exceptional about it, a prince! One would imagine a prince to be tall and commanding in figure with a noble face and a still more noble heart."

"And this is a species of what, Beatrice?" asked her uncle.

"My godmother, the Duchess of Elmwood, gave me an interview on Tuesday, to which we were all invited, and the object of which is to introduce the Prince de Ferre to the great world of London."

"And who," asked Peter Lennox, "is the Prince de Ferre?"

Beatrice looked up, a ripple of laughter on her lips.

"I know you would ask that question, uncle, though, when I asked it, the Duchess assumed her sullen expression of scorn. 'My dear Beatrice,' she said, 'when you are the mother of what we consider as well born, the Prince de Ferre will never ask questions in public, or you will betray yourself lamentably.' And when I said I should be pleased to understand the art of asking questions in an easy roundabout way. Now, uncle, you know the reason why you have betrayed most deplorable ignorance as regards the Prince de Ferre."

"Pray tell your uncle who he is, my dear," said Lady Lennox.

"He is a young Italian prince, uncle, between twenty and thirty years old. His name is Neron. Very Neron has built a house in the English style; he has English servants, and the Duchess does something more than hint that he is here in search of an English wife."

"A very handsome thing, too," said her uncle. "If the women of one nation have any superiority over those of another, it must be owned Englishwomen carry the palm."

"The Prince," continued Beatrice, with a clear smile, "is the son of the Duchess of Elmwood, a grand manor. He is most remarkable in his looks. Very Neron has built a house in the English style; he has English servants, and the Duchess does something more than hint that he is here in search of an English wife."

"A very handsome thing, too," said her uncle. "If the women of one nation have any superiority over those of another, it must be owned Englishwomen carry the palm."

"There is no great harm in it, Alton," said Peter Lennox, who enjoyed his niece's apt rendering of character. "It is all my fault however, I have encouraged her."

It was a strange thing, but Peter Lennox could not endure even the shadow of blame to be cast on his beloved niece. In his eyes both she and all that she did were simply perfect. Lady Lennox knew that, and as a rule, if she said anything to my son, he would be told to do it, and it was not possible. She smiled to herself now on seeing blue ribbons from his mail come to his nose, head over her, and ask about a diamond ring that he had ordered for her. The blue ribbons were the white know with his hands, and said—

"The Prince de Ferre will do for me, Beatrice, will he? He would not have

the glory of Ercleean at heart as we have."

She raised her head proudly—the Duchess of Elmwood always said that Beatrice was one of the proudest girls she ever met with, and that she did not even recognize their own size."

"Ah, Beatrice," sighed the Duchess, "you are young and inexperienced, when you are older, you will laugh as we laugh, and accept us as we are."

I was silent, and sat in her youthful enthusiasm. "It seems to me that, if you did not accept things quite so easily, the world would be the better for it. You are only too willing to tolerate the Duke's presence now, and I do not like your way of thinking."

"My dear uncle," she replied quietly, "we need not discuss the love affairs of gentlemen when we have never seen them. I am sure that the Duke is a good man, but forget the French. He walked steadily up and down the room. Lady Lennox went away, and Beatrice sat in silence. She saw that her uncle was ill at ease, but waited for him to speak.

"I have stopped quite suddenly and looked at her."

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MEMO OWN.

BY STEPHENS.

Since I have been there for mine own
The watercress has not wider grows
As if it were a bay again,
And spreading eyes of trust and truth
From power skies.

There are along the shades of youth,
And speaking eyes of trust and truth
From power skies.
But still when I see a soul I see,
And in the voice thereof speaks to me
A royal spirit.

Fond children more than words can tell,
I could never hear a heart a spell
Of speechless love;

Wistful heart and soul and body years,
Fathoms wide, when I burn,

From above.

The tones of music, lovely spirit,
Enclosed my hearting soul to bear it,

That thunders beneath thy touch and tone,
And propels me to all its own.

No more to part.

I would notadden them sweet eyes
For any grand or golden prize

For it hath naught to give to me

That I would change for love of thee
And calm repose.

THE
Lovers of Ordmore.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)
"I don't know how Dorothy managed
to get herself down, and Nell after a time
with the etiquette and the entertaining
and all that."

"It is a sort of cleverness which is not
hard to acquire, and wealth is much easier
to take up than to dispense with. Besides,
Dorothy will naturally suppose that her
husband had lost his office."

"And the best of it is, that Dell is the
same old Dell who used to play hide and
seek in the garden at home, and made off
and roared chestnuts in the nursery.
Nelly's scenes are spoilt by marrying a
rich husband."

"There's the grape!" said Graham, "I
wonder who the other guests are? Dorothy
told me they were two."

To their infinite amazement, they
found that the visitors about whom Nelly
had been speculating were Douglas and
Nell, who had arrived earlier in the day.
Nell was in high spirits, but Graham
said little, though he was thinking
how and why wild things told much.

After the tea-party stretched
out into the drawing room, introduced in front
of the drawing room windows, called the
Pleasure, and tea was brought to them
there. Sir Gorn was still lover like enough
to stay away with his wife amongst the
drinking and talking. Nell was not
long in following their example. In
this arrangement Nell and Graham were
left alone; but somehow they did not
progress as they had done in the old days
at Fifteen.

"What are they?" said Nell as
they watched them out of sight.

"Of course," responded Graham
promptly.

He looked up at her quickly, for he had
fancied himself down upon the grass at her
feet.

"Why so?"

"It is perfectly natural that they should
be pleased under the circumstances. It is
not?" laughed Graham. "When people
are going to be married, they usually
please to see each other—unless they are
full of art. Fancy how horrible it
must be to be married for money or from
policy!"

Nell started as if he had been stung—an
indeed he was—by Graham's caresses
and the way he spoke. Dorothy had
gone to bed, and the poor little terrier
was away with such fear that the
little creature cowered down and whined.

"Oh, Mr. Hammonsey," said Graham
reproachfully, "why did you do that?
What had the poor little thing done? I
did not suppose it could be a cross."

He lifted the dog to him to her neck
and soothed it with a tenderness that
most drew Nell wild.

"I am a brute, Miss Falconer, and I beg
the dog's pardon."

Graham laughed softly.

"Yours too! You will allow me."

"Mind! Why? You did not push me
away."

Perhaps it was an unwise thing to have
said, but an instant later Graham Falconer
was clasped round his waist by the
poor little terrier, who ran a fair
chance of being crushed to death between
them. Thus happened that the great
Scotch hero came to an understanding
with a poor lieutenant of Dragons with
next-to-nothing a year besides his pay,
which costed as none.

CHAPTER X.

On the next day after Nell Wyvill and
Graham Falconer appeared to arrive thick
and by the evening of the eleventh
of August the house was filled to over-
flowing. Nell was rather bewildered by
the multitude of guests, but Graham was
delighted to meet his old friends again.
Still there were a few who were strangers
to him. Among these was a young
woman who had met the Fairies both
in London and Edinburgh, and who in
the latter place had been very intimate with
Janet Fairie, for it was in that city that
Sir Gorn had died, and sister took up
abode after his passing.

Hilda Valentine and her mother lived
in the next house to the Fairies' during
the time they were in Edinburgh. Mr.
Valentine was one of the rich old million-
aires of London, and when he died his
widow and daughter, who were close
on getting into good society, had en-
tirely turned their backs upon their old
native home and friends.

Miss Valentine was undoubtedly
handsome enough for an entire difference
from Graham. Looking at her
face, one need not to be told that she
was come of gentle blood—her high birth
was written on every feature and expressed
in every gesture and movement. Hilda
was tall, slender, and straight, with a
firm, commanding air, a long line of
refined, cultivated ancestors. She was
extremely dark, with sparkling black
eyes, a liquid complexion, and a nose
which was decidedly aquiline; the hands,
though white, were large, and had the
firm, well-set fingers of a woman
who had always shone in daintiness. Her
hair was dark, and heavily rimmed with
black Spanish point.

The only word with which, later on, one
of the guests will describe her was "per-
fect."

"Listen!" interposed Nell. "Is not
that carriage?"

"Yes, it is. What beautiful diamonds
you wear, Miss Falconer!"

"They were my mother's," said Gra-
ham courteously. "I believe they are
very valuable."

"Only fancy!" Graham could not refrain from laughing.

"Oh, no! I don't wear my family jew-
els for a quiet affair like this. Indeed
I have not them about at all. They are
safe in the safe at home."

"I expect he will. And how do affairs
stand between you and Mr. Hammonsey?"

"Indeed! And where is Ordmore?"

"My family didn't care for him," said
Graham laconically.

"Molly!" shrieked Nell. "Why? You
were after me! Not Jack! She used to
make the most awful noise!"

"I expect he will. And how do affairs
stand between you and Mr. Hammonsey?"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May 18, 1878.



NOTICE

Subscribers wishing their paper charged will receive the name of the Post Office to which it is addressed, as well as the name of the Post Office where it is received.

All advertising letters to us should be addressed to give the name of State as well as of town to which they live.

A LIST OF MEMBERSHIP RATES AND ADVERTISING CHARGES AT THE FOLLOWING EXHIBITS, PARADES OF ADVANCE.

Fifty cents per line of space. Agree measure must be exact.

REGULAR ADVERTISEMENTS \$200 per line.

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Addressees and make all draft payable to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 700, 6th Street,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 19, 1878.

Centenary Number.

EXCELSIOR, or, The Price of a Heart. Chapter XI. XII. XIII.

The LOVERS of OMEGAE Chapter IX. X. XI.

THE MEMORIES of LOVE, by Christopher MUNROE, Chapter XI. XII. XIII.

His BOY and His HAT, DEDICATED—Chapter I. II. III.

OLD MARTIN'S WIFE, or, THE FATE OF YOUTH, by C. L. DOUGLASS, Chapter I. II. III.

FACTORY, by P. H. Doyle.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.—Fashion Notes, Quips and Cracks.

THE REVIEWER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

OBITUARIES AND OBITIALS.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

HISTORICAL—SACRED CHAT—PORTFOLIO.

PERSONAL—FARM AND GARDEN.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

NEWS OF INTEREST.

MISCELLANEOUS.

READ our new story, "His Right Eye," commenced in the present number. The incidents regularly increase in interest as they succeed each other.

It is the main object of the Post to please all its readers. Therefore it strives to embody in its pages such a variety of matter, and, as it is in pure excellence a story paper, such a diversity of tales, whether short stories or serials, as will respond to the average taste, talent and culture of its readers.

All works of art are worthy of the earnest attention of those who love intellectual culture, whether they be originals or mere copies. Therefore good photographs are every way as capable of teaching aesthetic lessons as the original oil painting, and what is something to be considered now a days, are infinitely cheaper.

It is alleged, and probably with very good reason, that there is no nation which so thoroughly understands the art of dress and the science of fashion, as the French. It is also asserted, with equal truth, that we Americans possess all that fondness for color, form and texture which characterizes the Gallic people and makes them the supreme artists which they are. To dress well is an index of refinement, and it is not to be disputed that elegance of apparel be taken the cultured lady and separated her from the lower circles of fashionable caste. It is therefore the duty of every lady to endeavor to add to grace of person the charm of fashion, and make herself attractive by means of her thorough understanding of the distinction between what is and what is not, becoming to her. The series of ably-edited articles appearing in the Post, in *Facsimile Chat*, convey all the information necessary to such an understanding, and are really an invaluable guide to the science of dress, and all our lady readers have no excuse them, by their encouragement, approval and patronage.

THERE is nothing which so needs the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, or of any other society which has Christian charity for its stimulus, as the cruelty practiced, often unconsciously it is to be hoped, upon sensitive young men and women whose tastes and aspirations lead them into certain fields of thought which the multitude, who merely seek profit and who lack special talents, invariably endeavor to exclude. It is the same sort of cruelty which leads young people who possess talents and beauty of mind, but are less attractive, into calling in which they take no interest, and in which they are literally imprisoned in a sort of death in life. Many a clerk, and many a seamstress, and many a laborer, are plodding along in a certain sort of groove of daily drudgery, yet not daring to hope, and almost despairing, simply because they are not following the best of the peculiar talent for which nature has fitted them. It is very well to say that there is no daily woe which ought to be unmerciful, from breaking stones up to leading orchestras or painting pictures. It is true, and the truth starts us in the first day after, that Pope's axiom, "Just as the wry is bent, the tree's inclined" is an actual and oftentimes painful reality, and though disciplines and habits may do much to fatten ordinary minds, there are noble and high souls who are forever doomed into an Inferno on earth, through being cruelly forced in youth into a vocation for which they have not the slightest aptitude. It is unnecessary to quote the beautiful and majestic verse of that most magnificent, most poetical and most musical poem in the English language, "Gray's Elegy," which touches upon this topic in its entirety, the aspiration and the disappointment, and the bitter end of all. Then let us strive to better the interests and conditions of young people, and lead them into higher fields of thought, and enable them to secure victory and not defeat. Fame and not despair, and so bring out the latent genius of every one of us, that our lives and the

lives of our neighbors may be made golden periods of good endeavor and ripe fruition and success.

BETTY.

This little English word has not too many admirers, for it is a hard, stern word, which polishes an inflexible finger of command toward dismal and dark roads that may prove labyrinthine. But there is no resisting the call of duty. "I bear to obey," and many a pathetic life struggle has had that four-letter word as its daily, hourly incubus, from whose desperate commands only the strongest souls could hope to escape. Yet what would the world be without this innate sense of conscience, which keeps the laborer to the complete performance of his work, and tends to make the business of this pesty planet of ours so harmonious in all its details, and therefore so strong. The difficult master is to know exactly what duty to obey, the duty of filial obedience, the duty of ingenuity, which prompts its possessor to fight for its revelation, the duty of servant toward master, and of master toward servant.

It is at the best a noble word, however, because it makes better, more useful, more eager to obey conscience, more true to the instincts of life, and it is to be considered with the highest respect of the philosopher. It is the dark side of our lives, the grim goddess who rules the palaces of nations as well as individuals, and it has no heart. It is coldly intellectual, and it points the way we must go. Disobedience to duty she punishes by the avenging furies that pursue through life and tease the soul to torture.

Perchance the word may undergo some change, and passion holds a fluctuating seat. But, subject neither to eclipse nor wane, Duty remains.

SANCTUM CHAT.

It is said the fashionable colors are opal, turquoise, silver gray, lavender, and fawn. How about Jasper, the black diamond?

We are glad to note the fact that the students of Wellesley College, Massachusetts, are endeavoring to raise sufficient funds to defray the expenses of scholarships for deserving young women who desire to pursue all liberal studies. This is a more which marks indeed an era of progress and culture.

The blessings which true Christian philanthropy is spreading among the forsaken, despised, and over-worked people of the world, are growing year by year, and those who "do good by stealth," need not "blush to find it fame." Here now for example, in London some samples of many-rich and charitable ladies—have established homes for the worn-out London workers. A home has been taken at the sea side in Devonshire. One lady agrees to pay the rent, another to furnish, and there are plenty of noble souls who will respond to subscriptions.

This review of old-fashioned things not in leis a book, but in coaching, has awakened in France the desire to retrace old time dances. Lately in Paris under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction, there were danced several picturesques and beautiful measures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. First a sambouche, to an air of Lulli's; 1755; then a mazurka, to a tune of Berthia's; 1716; the gavotte, music of Lulli, 1658; the passepied, an air of Destouches, and the Farouche of Aubert, 1755. All of these dances are interesting, and surely no one who has heard the music of the mazurka and gavotte, will ever say that those rhythmical and clear terpsichorean meanderings, are uninteresting.

AMONG the curiosities of rumor may be mentioned the prophecies of an English monk, made in 1873, regarding the year 1878. He predicts, among other things, "New European Congress at Berlin, death of the Queen of England, new disorders by Austria and Russia, disorders in Portugal, Poland and Russia, cholera in France." Not a word concerning Taylor's troubles, not a word respecting the difference between what is and what is not, becoming to her. The series of ably-edited articles appearing in the Post, in *Facsimile Chat*, convey all the information necessary to such an understanding, and are really an invaluable guide to the science of dress, and all our lady readers have no excuse them, by their encouragement, approval and patronage.

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lives of our neighbors may be made golden periods of good endeavor and ripe fruition and success.

To those who would enjoy a world of pleasure in a quiet way, we say, let them purchase a first class microscope and devote themselves to the study of the marvellous universe of atoms all around them. The superb structure of the animalcules which are hardly to be detected by the naked eye, but which appear in the neighborhood of every green leaf, piece of wood, or bit of water, in swarms of myriads, can

not be too closely observed nor too enthusiastically admired. The wonders of the small world exceed those of the great world, and there is actually a feeling of sublimity prompted by a glass through the tube of the microscope and the revelation of the marvellous organism of more miles. The first microscopic lenses, made of mere heads of glass, were so imperfect as to distort the objects. This distortion was not understood by the early insect anatomists, and they made drawings of their dissections which were for the most part fanciful, and they explained certain exaggerations according to their own theories. Modern science corrects these errors, but makes the actual realities of what they reveal more astonishing than ever imagination could invent. The simplicity of nature is so much more beautiful and so much more wonderful than any invention.

It has been generally believed that by the act of "uttering" Hindoo wives declare their undying attachment to their husbands, but this is not so. The Brahmins themselves invented the law as a means of self protection against their wives. Before its introduction, wives were in the habit of avenging themselves on husbands for neglect and cruelty by mixing poison with their food, and at last times came to such a height that the last matrimonial quarrel resulted in the husband's death. Of late years the law of suttas has been occasionally set at defiance, but the widow cannot altogether escape the consequences of her husband's death. His family degrades her, and puts her to the most menial duties in the house.

The effect of the novel is magical. We do not realize that the reader is entirely absorbed throughout the story. There is a world we can recall that would not become a moral world, if we did not feel that the author will give it lasting value among the novelties of the Centennial year.—*Harper's Weekly*.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.—VI

BY MARY H. WARD.

CONTRIBUTOR CRITICISM.—A PROPOSITION TO AUTHORS AND REVIEWERS.

"Dangerous Ground," "Indeed!" and quite as much so for the author as for her characters.

In the opening chapter to the close, we are surprised with the stirrings of married life, the secretings away of suggestive contents of their friends. —*Edinburgh Review*.

The title chosen for this tale is one of the most appropriate titles ever selected for a novel. It is well ordered, clearly written, and strikingly interesting.

This is another of Porter's Coates Interests, purpose and literary excellence which have been recently published.—*Edinburgh Review*.

The effect of the novel is magical. The two experiences must have been wide and singularly spicy, no mortal imagination could conceive, and the author has done well in giving them to us.

"Dangerous Ground" is decidedly one of the best society novels of the day, and is evidently written by one who has a deep knowledge of the human heart.

We consider it an eminently wholesome book, told ingeniously, impressively, but unobtrusively, and with great skill. The dangers of matrimony before marriage, and its attendant difficulties after, are told with great truth and interest.

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"Danger

SPRING AND WINTER.

BY MARY MCKEEON.

The world looks very year;
But the heart's not here, and when
The blossoms fall off seem
To new bloom go with the same.
Ah, it's all gone with the wind;
But the thorn remains behind.

What is well in him, if he
Felt not love, to spite me have so?
And what is well in him must be,
Was it not song to move so?
I'll sing to you, and you'll be square,
Despite it, yet not spare it!

Xen in say that I was fair.
With such meaning in his tone,
And to speak of me as my own,
Did he not singings as my own?
Pluck it out her torn?

And still sounds so fair a tone,
As he used to sing at home,
And her form bad for less grace;
But she was not the loved them
More than he can love again.

Why, if beauty could not bind time,
None had prairies speaking low
For us to make us know,
How no face could please now?
Why, it loves me, and I'm true,
Dishonored, but she will leys me.

And he said my eyes were bright,
But his own said were dim;
Amy's face was white and white,
But she will wait for me.
"For," he said, "in gazing at you,
I seen gazing on a sun."

"I'm old," he said, "the day now
Is past, and I'm past; but still
A fair grace to my eyes now
Was a fair face, and then
You're young, and then the time,
And the dream, too, had been.

Why these words, a thought too tender,
For the moment spilt upon me
Help to words when speech comes broken
To say what was said by moonlight?

HIS RIGHT EYE.

How It Did and Undid.

BY MARY LEWISON.

EVERY MAN TO HIS PLACE.

About Mr. Murdstone's left eye there was nothing peculiar, but that it was the eye of a stolid bird; that is, it was very wide open, very staring, and rather uncomfortable in its fixness. But the right eye was the distinctive feature of Mr. Murdstone's face. Still, no one ever saw a man's eye could see well why he was not on view like Mr. Murdstone's nose, or his mouth, or his ears. The lid of his right eye was always down, however passively down, like a window curtain with its fastenings loose, but hanging limp and listlessly down, so that when Mr. Murdstone would call upon to dance among red-hot poker-shares, there is no reason to suppose that his right eye would have aided him to do so.

The right eye was the common of Mr. Murdstone's eyes, but when you looked at the left one you were impressed with the idea that here was a man who was extraordinarily wide awake, while a glance at the right eyes gave you just as striking an impression that here was a man who was probably asleep.

There was something about this that you tried to look away from the right eye and forget it, and you finally resigned yourself hopefully to the contemplation of it, until Mr. Murdstone turned up before you like some newly evolved and gigantic variety of the fowl that sleeps with one eye.

But how came Mr. Murdstone's right eye so closed? This was the end of all speculation upon it; you were landed helpless before the monstrous interlocutor, How come?

He was born with it?

Did he get it by accident?

Was it the result of a personal encounter?

Was it part penalty of a crime?

Was it suddenly now rapidly gained over a varieties of causes, and then suddenly reached the last and worst; and then somehow you found it impossible to go back and adopt the first?

And all this was the more remarkable because Mr. Murdstone was not a known criminal, or dangerous man. On the contrary, he was the most conservatively conservative. His creed was, Every Man to His Place; Providence has put some here and some there; we can't be kings and queens; we can't be emperors; Providence has not given us every man to His Place. Mr. Murdstone declared this creed on all occasions, in fact, if all the world had been a college, all the people either students or teachers, and Mr. Murdstone the Professor of Every Man to His Place. He firmly abominated the thought that he could earn his salary, he could not have labored more industriously in this way. He driled Miss Tittle, his daughter, in Every Man to His Place, and in nothing at all beside. Providence, in His infinite wisdom, was a wise appointment office continually engaged with Every Man to His Place. In this view, all of Mr. Murdstone's servants, his concubines, his gardeners, his cook, held their places by appointment direct from Providence, and not by chance. And when he tried to crow out of the place which Providence had appointed them, Mr. Murdstone had never encountered a case of even poverty or misfortune which he had not precisely cured in his own practice, or in a mere application of Every Man to His Place.

Mr. Murdstone's left eye had been glowering over the morning paper at the breakfast table at the time this talk opened. He had not failed to find a cause for the application of his right eye. A young carpenter, lately stationed in London for himself, employing a number of hands, had been brought out the night before. Mr. Murdstone drew the moral especially for Miss Tittle's benefit.

He was not satisfied to sit where Providence had put him, he wanted to be a lord, he was a Crowder. Every Man to His Place, said Mr. Murdstone, and he looked as if he felt really obliged to Providence for pointing his maxim so effectively in the young carpenter's burning.

Mr. Murdstone was in his bedroom room that morning, looking out (with his staring left eye) upon his row of houses, when there came in one of the men appointed by Providence to be his tenants. This was Old Stephen Hulop, the wretched man who was here, having a wife and a child, and in one of Mr. Murdstone's smaller tenements, and when he was not sober, generally left the store to take care of itself, much to the delight of the boys of the neighborhood. Old Stephen was a prodigal, and had been in many things, and was probably of his best. It was about his best that he had now come.

"Eh! Hulop, is it?" exclaimed Mr. Murdstone when Old Stephen had stood waiting some minutes.

"Yes, Mr. Murdstone," replied the old

man. "I wanted to know if you would object to me subletting my second floor."

"Eh! what?" exclaimed Mr. Murdstone.

"Subletting my second floor, sir."

"Suppose you send some people who want houses to me, Hulop. I've got lots of empty houses."

"The houses wouldn't want this little bit of money in it, I expect."

"I've heard of such cases before, where the plan was to get two families housed for one rent."

"This is a widow woman, sir," Old Stephen explained mockingly, "an' though I don't pretend it, she may do me a turn now and then madam's the store, it's the sick, an' it's littly turned out o' house an' home. An' she's got a stiff son."

"A what?"

"A stiff boy—a natural," replied Old Stephen.

"An idiot boy," said Mr. Murdstone carelessly, and then assumed a business air.

"Now, Hulop, you know me and my principles. Every Man to His Place. You want to turn landlord, do you? And this woman can't pay rent, but wants to continue to occupy some one that can. If you take her in, I'll mark your rent up to twenty dollars."

"Double my rent? I couldn't pay it!" exclaimed the old man in dismay.

"Then don't try to turn landlord. If you're going to buy a property, you should go into some sort of partnership."

Old Stephen did not appear to speak upon this supposition—perhaps because it seemed so improbable. Nevertheless, Mr. Murdstone leaned back in his chair with much interest, and said, "Well, my son, I'm not, nor good fellow. I think you'd like to have all this property to attend to, surely you ought to get along who have next to nothing to take care of."

"I didn't have much hope myself," Old Stephen said, "but I think I can get along without a mortal qualm."

"Call me, then, my son, and we'll talk."

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